

EXTRA! PREMIER BENNETT MAKES GATEWAY

Plenty of Work Available For Students, Says Bennett

Could Find Work if They Wanted, But Are "Too Choosy"—Declares Canada Will Not Repudiate Debts

(Special to The Gateway and Edmonton Bulletin)
By EVELYN BUXTON

University students are too "choosy." They like to pick out the work they want to do, and not take work which is available. There is plenty of work, but they won't take it. They prefer instead to look to the government for assistance.

That's what Premier Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett informed a reporter for the University paper, The Gateway, as he stood on the C.P.R. depot today, bidding goodbye to government officials and others.

Heard Premier Speak

The reporter had been one of the crowd of University students who heard the prime minister at Convocation Hall on Thursday, and she approached the government leader with a list of questions compiled by students who had heard the speech and who are on the staff of The Gateway, the paper of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta. The reporter was a young lady, and she chatted with the prime minister between handshakes as the premier was saying goodbye to others.

"Yesterday you spoke at the University," said the reporter. "I think everyone enjoyed your address immensely, but there were certain statements made which the students could not agree with."

"Naturally," commented the Premier, gazing intently at the interviewer.

"For one thing," continued the re-

porter, "it is hard to impress students with the wonder of the opportunities facing them if they all find it difficult to continue their university course through lack of funds, and if they face prospects of unemployment when they graduate."

Why Can't They?

"Why can't they find work? It is because they feel they are entitled to make a choice," said the premier. "There is plenty of work to be done—but it is not the kind which they wish to do. I know a young man who went out with a pick and shovel in order to pay his way back to college this year. How many girls do you know who are willing to go out and do housework? Not many! Everyone would rather look to the government than go about their work as they would in normal times."

No Place For Girl

Here the interview was interrupt-

ADDRESSES STUDENTS



RT. HON. R. B. BENNETT

ed for a moment as Mr. Bennett asked the name, class and intended occupation of the interviewer. When answered that the ultimate occupation intended was political affairs, Mr. Bennett replied: "Don't you realize that that is an extremely difficult undertaking for a woman? How do you intend to become associated with such affairs?" and intimated that it is not a matter of one's own choosing.

"It is a matter of counting heads," he said.

"Do you think we should endeavor to continue maintaining our position as fifth exporting nation of the world if in doing so we cannot regulate our domestic affairs as we might?" was the next question put to the Premier.

"We are not maintaining it at the expense of our domestic relations; we must maintain it in order to pay our debts."

What? Repudiate? Heavens!

"But we can never hope to pay all our debts; we are only meeting the interest now," was the reply, and the suggestion was put that payment of debts be discontinued if it meant that Canadian people should suffer in order to pay interest charges.

"What! Repudiate our debts! I am ashamed that any Canadian student should think of such a thing," said the Premier.

"In a speech in 1930," said the student, "you made the following statement: 'Governments can regulate policies of the country so that the facilities may be provided to give employment.' Is there any excuse for Canada to have hard times if the government is discharging its duty as it should?"

The Premier nodded.

The student continued: "In 1933 you made the statement: 'We are not the masters of our fate. We are in the grip of forces over which we have no control.' What are these forces, and must we continue to exercise no control whatever over them?"

It's Different Now

"In 1930 we faced a different situation than we now face," said the Premier. "Then we were dealing with a national condition—now we are faced with a situation which is universal. Ten and one-half million people can exercise tremendously little influence over a situation that is universal."

No Use in Talking

"Many people say that you either do not realize the unemployment situation or refuse to face it. What did you think of the unemployed's proposal to parade, and what would have been your reaction to it?" he asked, and replied:

"I knew nothing whatever about it, so there is no use in talking of what might have been."

Here the conversation was interrupted for a moment as Premier Bennett bade "good-bye" to several gentlemen on the platform.

"Just one more question," said the reporter, intending to ask, "If Canadian farmers reduce the wheat acreage and go in for mixed farming, will a market be found for the increased livestock production?" but the train was moving and anxious porters and attendants awaited the Premier.

"No," said the Premier waving off

UNIVERSITY SERVICE

In Convocation Hall, at 11:00 a.m. next Sunday, Oct. 15, Dr. Wallace will address the first Student Service of the year. He has chosen an exceptionally timely topic, "A Student's Religion," in the treatment of which he intends to deal with the difficulties, intellectual and otherwise, which confront a student who is adjusting his thinking to harmonize with the life, thought and outlook of a University.

Prime Minister Delights Students in Reminiscences

STUDENTS HONOR CANADA'S PREMIER

"It Will Take Patient, Persistent Courage to Accomplish Anything of Value," Warns Hon. R. B. Bennett

Convocation Hall was packed to capacity on Thursday morning with a body of students who eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity to hear Canada's Prime Minister in an address primarily designed for students. For the best part of an hour Mr. Bennett, in his usual inimitable and fascinating style kept the large audience under the spell of his eloquence and charm. The address was extemporaneous, and its philosophic quality demonstrated the wide and deep intellectual resources which Mr. Bennett possesses.

As the hall filled rapidly, Professor Nichols rendered several organ selections, and at 10:30 the audience rose in deference to the entrance of the academic procession, led by the Right Honorable R. B. Bennett and Chancellor Rutherford. The colorful procession moved down the aisle. Dr. Rutherford, Premier Bennett, President Wallace and Chief Justice Harvey ascending the platform, and faculty members filing into the reserved section of the hall.

Dr. Wallace prefaced his introductory remarks with a request to the winners of this year's R. B. Bennett scholarship to come forward. The winners, David McKerricher and Mary Faunt, thereupon proceeded to the front, and were personally congratulated by Mr. Bennett.

President Wallace commented on the fact that Mr. Bennett had last visited the University five years ago, upon which occasion he, Dr. Wallace, had been installed in the Presidency of the institution. Since that time, stated the President, Mr. Bennett has become an internationally known figure, and has done much to maintain and elevate Canada's prestige abroad. Congratulating the students for their splendid representation at the meeting, Dr. Wallace presented the Prime Minister.

Mr. Bennett opened upon an informal note, which he sustained throughout. He recalled his own student days and glanced back over the years which have since intervened, years of eventful successes and failures, of changing opinions and conditions, years that, in spite of their active character, seem short in retrospect.

"Forces of world-wide significance, though not fully understood, are in operation today," he said. "To the

SPEAKS WEDNESDAY



DR. W. H. ALEXANDER

Who will address the first meeting of the Philosophical Society, which will be held Wednesday evening, October 18th.

the reporter, and ascending the steps of his private car "Mildred."

Once aboard the train he turned and looked back.

"I am appalled at any Canadian woman who would suggest repudiation," he said, standing at the top of the steps and pointing in stern rebuke. "Young lady, you will have to reform your ideas—do you understand? You—a university student—must reform your opinions."

The train was pulling slowly out, and the last words were uttered as the reporter walked along the platform at the side of the train. The Premier turned and entered his private car. The attendants smiled and waved good-bye.

"Good-bye," said the student. "I'll be seeing you in the House of Commons."

NOTICE

Students wishing the return of their Evergreen and Gold fees must apply to the University Cashier in Arts 219 on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 16th and 17th.

EXCHANGE SCHOLARS RETURN TO ALBERTA

Accounts of Distant Campuses Promised to Gateway

Fred Watkin and Leo Kunelius, who last year were Exchange Scholars to the Universities of Toronto and McGill respectively, are back with us again this year. Both men experienced successful years in the east, but are glad to be back west once more. After a two year's absence, they note many new faces on this campus, but do not find it as difficult to get acquainted as they did in the so-called sophisticated east.

The Exchange Scholarships, by which these two students were enabled to study in the east, are offered annually by the N.F.C.U.S. Despite the rumors that Toronto has withdrawn from the federation, scholarships are still available for many of the eastern universities. Announcements as to the 1934-35 scholarships will be released shortly. In the meantime The Gateway has been fortunate in securing interesting and informative interviews from Mr. Watkin and Mr. Kunelius. These will appear in the two succeeding issues of the paper.

CHEMISTS TOLD EMIL FISCHER

Mr. Jobe Addresses First Chemistry Meeting

The Chemical Society held its first meeting for the year at 4:30 p.m. Wednesday in Room 142 in the Medical Building. Tea and cake were served. The president, Mr. Collier, and the secretary, Mr. Woolley, spoke a few words, saying that they hoped the society would contain at least 45 members, as it has previously. Then the president introduced Mr. Jobe.

Mr. Jobe spoke on the life and work of Emil Fischer, who was one of the greatest organic chemists of our generation. The life of Fischer stated briefly is as follows: He was the son of a merchant, and when a boy he entered his father's business. He gave it up after two years and went to college. Fischer commenced to devote his time to studying organic chemistry, and he came under the spell of the great German chemist, Beyer. In 1874 Fischer received his Ph.D., and came into the front line of chemists. He accompanied Beyer to Wurtemberg, and devoted his time to research work. He discovered the osazone test, and did much synthetic work on sugar compounds, discovering many new ones. He also worked with his cousin, Otto Fischer, and discovered many new dyes.

In 1887 Fischer was promoted, and became a professor, and was in charge of Beyer's laboratories. His work on sugar threw some light on the formation of plant carbohydrates. During his work his health suffered, due to fumes entering his lungs. He never got over this. In 1892 Hoffman, professor of chemistry in a Berlin university, died, and Fischer was elected to take his place. In 1894 Fischer resumed his synthetic work on uric acids and discovered many complex compounds.

In 1902 Emil Fischer received the Nobel Prize, and in 1907 the Faraday medal from the English Chemical Society. He died in 1919.

Mr. Jobe's lecture was very interesting, and he illustrated his talk with many complex equations. The meeting adjourned at 6 o'clock, and was a thorough success.

you to crystallize another thought, 'Unless a man's reach exceed his grasp, what's a heaven for?' This has always been an integral part of my code. . . ."

Mr. Bennett said that man had within himself a deep feeling of being fundamentally immortal, whatever his opinions at large, and that somewhere God existed and knew what each human did with his life.

"Manners are significant of a nation and of human progress, and youth owes to the world the assumption of good ones."

"Let us so govern our lives," concluded Mr. Bennett, "so that we may enter eternity, not in trembling, but as one who lies down to pleasant dreams."

Deep appreciation and respect for the Prime Minister's address was shown by the great audience in its sustained applause, and Dr. Wallace gave brief but comprehensive expression to the feeling in closing. He expressed the words which Mr. Bennett had spoken incorporated the philosophy of a man of action. "Mr. Bennett's tour is an exhausting one," said the President. "And we are very fortunate to have had the privilege of having him to ourselves for such an address."

The meeting closed with "God Save the King," Professor Nichols providing the organ accompaniment.



THE GATEWAY

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EDITORIAL

It is not always realized to what extent a newspaper is dependent upon its advertisers. Loss of advertising may often mean the necessity of ceasing publication. In fact, not so long ago, boycott of a newspaper by advertisers was frequently used by political parties to silence opposition.

When business men place "ads" in a paper they are making an investment on which they quite reasonably expect a small return. If subscribers refuse to patronize them, their only recourse is to take out their insert. You, as students of the University of Alberta, are urged to read carefully all "ads" appearing in The Gateway, and whenever possible patronize their advertisers. The advertisers wish to serve you. It will be to the advantage of all concerned if you give them a chance to do so. By advertising in your paper they show their interest in your welfare. It is up to you to convince them that this interest is appreciated by buying your requirements from advertisers.

RAH! RAH!

At the past Council meeting much time was given to a discussion of a University song. As far as we know, no expression has ever come from the students of a desire to support such an innovation. This raises a serious question in our minds. What causes the lack of this kind of enthusiasm so evident at student gatherings? As a rule, the actual support is forthcoming, but that elusive thing, College Spirit, seems to have been forgotten. The old days are continually thrown up at us, and we are told what an anaemic bunch of students we are.

In discussing the question with others, we were impressed with the number who longed for a return of the good old Rah-Rah days. With this group we cannot feel in sympathy. An active interest in valuable student activities is not stimulated by loud-mouthed cheers. It is an American innovation, vastly inferior to the English system, where interest is maintained in spite of a complete absence of this shallow enthusiasm.

It may be that a more serious-minded type of student is finding his way into the University under the stress of hard times—the Rah-Rah boy having been dropped in the rush. His passing may or may not be permanent, but at least his place is in College Humour—not on the campus.

INSTITUTE OF PACIFIC RELATIONS

The fifth biennial conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations was held at Banff, Alberta, August 14-28 last. Canada was host to nine nations: Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, United States of America, Philippines, China, Japan, France and Holland. Never before have Albertans been privileged to view at first hand the work of so varied a gathering of great men. Among the most outstanding were: Dr. Hu Shih, eminent Chinese philosopher; Sir Herbert Samuel, leader of the British Free Trade Liberals; Prof. T. E. Gregory, economist of the University of London; Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War in President Wilson's cabinet; Dr. Inazo Nitobe, internationally known Japanese.

The Institute was organized in 1925 for the study and discussion of problems peculiar to the nations living adjacent to the Pacific Ocean, with a view to fostering a better appreciation of these problems. The Institute dedicated itself "to the achievement of international understanding, co-operation and peace."

The biennial period between conferences is given over to intensive research into problems political, economic and social. Masses of data and documents are prepared for presentation and study at the conferences. The conferences themselves are characterized by calm thinking and open-minded discussion in a dispassionate and objective atmosphere.

The Institute is an entirely voluntary and unofficial organ. It receives no government subvention or support. The conference itself is purely informal, and no government is represented. The Conference makes no attempt to frame agreements. It does not even pass resolutions. The Institute is not concerned with immediate patchwork results, and does not expect to settle any international disputes. It is engaged, rather, in the long-term work of searching for true causes of and remedies for conflicts. It hopes to disseminate such accurate knowledge that will make for an informed public opinion. It expects to contribute to that mutual understanding between people that will make the sound settlement of such disputes possible.

The past conferences at Honolulu, Kyoto and Shanghai were principally concerned with problems of a political nature. The Banff Conference dealt mainly with the economic field.

The agenda consisted of a study of:

1. Economic Conflict and Control—including a discussion of tariffs, access to raw materials and markets, movements of capital, pressure of population, commercial, banking and shipping policies, communications, social effects of national and international planning in economics, etc.

2. Instruments for International Adjustment—discussion of the adequacy of the League of Nations, the extent and methods of international control over domestic policies.

3. Problems of Education—the effect of education



Freshman's Philosophy

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Thus I my life conduct;
Each morning sees some task begun—
Each evening sees it chucked.

Professor—Can you prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the sides of this triangle?

Peter Rule—I don't have to prove it. I admit it.

Bierwagen—Riley says that all he wants is a chance to express himself.

McCormick—Fine; where to?

Heyiddle, riddle,
The sax and the fiddle,
The drummer discovered a tune;
The orchestra laughed
To see such sport,
When he drummed on a pan with a spoon.
(Anything to fill up space.)

Lady (in grocery)—Do you keep dates?
Fresh Clerk—I'd never keep you waiting a minute.
We were going to use this for the first Arnold and McIntosh joke of the year, but we just couldn't seem to get their names fitted into it.

"They tell me you have a model husband, Mrs. Ayre?"

"Yes, but not a working model."

Birth Stones

Freshman—Emerald.
Sophomore—Blarney stone.
Junior—Grind stone.
Senior—Tombstone.

Professor in Entomology—Where do insects spend the winter?

Cecil Jackson—Search me.

Conductor—Change for Marietta! Change for Country Passenger—I don't know who the girl is, but I'll chip in a dime.

Fraser Mitchell—Your brother went abroad on a fellowship, didn't he?

Bob Proctor—No, it was a cattle ship.

I am all set, soliloquized the sun, disappearing behind the hills.

Grocer (to boy)—Hm! So you want a job, eh? Do you tell lies?

McIntosh—No, sir, but I'd be willing to learn.

This joke, of course, refers to Jim McIntosh, who graduated in Commerce last year. His brother, Jack McIntosh, is also willing to learn.

The taciturn Freshman went to church for once. They asked him how he liked it.

—Was the sermon good?

—Yes.

—What was it about?

—Sin.

—What did the minister say?

—He was against it.

Beauty Hint.

Onions help keep chaps off your lips.

Borgal—Did you have a good time at the party last night?

Parks—No, I got sick on the sponge cake.

Borgal—What did you do?

Parks—I threw up the sponge.

Gale—How is Hutton on the high jump? Any good?

Smith—Naw, he can hardly clear his throat?

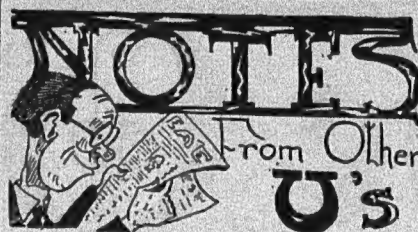
on economic maladjustments and the standard of living.

The subject matter of the discussions is readily seen to be of the most comprehensive nature. A considerable collection of valuable pamphlets were published. Several policies for specific action are discernible amongst the many suggestions. First, the fostering and development of peace and tranquility. Japan's proposals for reorganization of the peace machinery of the Pacific was generally approved. Second, the necessity of stabilization of the currencies of the world in order to facilitate economic recovery. Inflation was seen as only a temporary expedient. Third, the reduction of barriers to trade. The doctrine of self-sufficiency must be displaced by a realization of the interdependence of nations. Fourth, the dense population of Japan and China with its consequent pressure on a limited food supply must be reduced—not so much by emigration as by birth control.

If any criticism at all is to be voiced of the round-table talks, it must be of the comparatively scant attention paid to the Sino-Japanese dispute in Manchukuo. The subject seems to have been inadequately discussed. The Chinese delegates refused to entertain Japanese peace talk proposals as long as Manchuria was not restored to China.

Taken by and large, the Banff Conference was refreshing and inspiring. The very fact of its unofficial nature prompted an unhampered and open presentation of facts, that is sorely lacking amid the suspicion and mistrust of official conferences. It may be that this Institute of Pacific Relations, by its influencing of intelligent public opinion, can perform a great service towards achieving the ultimate solution of many of the problems which beset the world, than can trade organizations and governments. In less than a decade the Institute has come to occupy a vital and influential position in the affairs of the Pacific. It is undoubtedly destined to play a considerable part in the future of that portion of the world.

W. H. E.



Modern College Life

(From the Ohio State Sun Dial)

As the movies describe it—

Up at ten and amid the luxurious surroundings of my room, leisurely dressing and selecting appropriate attire from my wardrobe of twenty some suits. To class in my twelve-cylinder roadster and reclined comfortably in a modernistic chair for an hour listening to Prof. Adonis, about whom the femininity of the campus is crazy. Lunch with Diane and Babe and thence for a drive. Returned for tea at the Theta House. Dropped over to the stadium in time for the third quarter of the game and hurriedly changed into a uniform, scoring the winning touchdown, and was carried on shoulders of excited mob. Dinner and dancing with Lily, and then for a drive, during which I proposed and was accepted. So to Covington to be married and returning. Home to bed.

According to the reformists—

Awoke at eleven with brown taste and headache. Took another eye-opener. Slept through two classes. Took another eye-opener. Slept for an hour. Went to cocktail party. Went to dinner. Went to joint. Went to crap game. Went after date. Went after drink. Went to roadhouse. Went to bed.

As it really is—

Up at seven and put on socks which are standing in corner. Went to class from eight to twelve. Went to lunch. Went to library. Studied till five. Went to dinner. Went to library. Went nuts.

Slang For College Freshmen

In order that the freshmen's bewilderment at entering Oregon University be as reduced as much as possible, the following popular expressions which are heard most frequently on the campus are offered:

Pigger: One who dates. (Masc.) This doesn't pay off at football games.

High: You don't get this way on 3.2.

The main drag: Thirteenth street. Drag: To take a girl to a dance, show, et cetera.

Rat-race: Bloody spectacle staged by 4th street Don Juans and their female contemporaries every Wednesday and Saturday eve.

Apple-polishing: The technique by which a C plus is raised to a B minus. Can be done by dinner invitations, judicious praise, and that hurt look. One bright gal darned her prof's socks. That's going a little far, though.

Tubbing: Effective method of cooling the ardor of the frosh. "Cooling" was the word.

Tong: Has nothing to do with the organ of speech. Informal name for the Greek letter organizations. You may not know it, but you've just been through a tong war.

Hacking: Frequently done in H.S., but never with the technique developed here.

Knifer: Campus politician. Will do anything for a vote except kiss Chancellor Kerr.

Perfume: The newest name for the good old shellac.

Kappa: Means 99 and 44-100ths per cent. pure.

Town-girl: There's a difference between town-girls and girls who live in town.

Gowed: Popular state after final exams.

Bag: Do not confuse with "in the bag."

Gunny: Blind dates always leave you holding this.

Fiji: Fancy dresser.

Screamer: Peroxide blonde. Also anyone of the Harlow type.

Wife: The best gal. One who wears your pin.

Ball of Fire: The three-point date. Comparable to an A in a five-hour course.

Import: The out-of-town gal you haul in for the big dance. Expensive, but, Oh my!

Collegiate Clips

No dances, cigarettes, highballs or bridge games are allowed on the campus at Muskignum college. The co-eds are pretty, and the football teams are champions. Prexy is only 32 years of age and as handsome as an actor. It is one of the few surviving liberal arts schools which still maintain the old educational stand-

A FRESHMAN CRITICIZES MR. McCORMICK

Did that speech-maker get my goat? Sure, I almost forgot to reach for a smoke when they passed by. You see, it was like this. My friend Sandy and I went to the Frosh smoker to hear the speeches, when this fellow ups and says: "Gentlemen, it stands to reason that persons capable of conversation with a friend should also be able to address an audience."

That night Sandy and I were smoking the cigarettes we had slipped into our pockets, and talking about that debating fellow, when I says: "Look here, Sandy, what would you think of me getting up there and talking down to you like a preacher." He doesn't answer me, but only says, "Guess the only thing is to pity him for his ignorance of human nature."

Seems to me that these oratory speakers are just like boilers full of steam. Steam generates power and light and heat. But if you turn steam loose all over the place it might damage things and maybe burn someone.

Sandy and I both know that it isn't every laddie can become a stage-speaker. He says, and he has a good head, he says people are like the plants of his lettuce patch. All the plants start out dandy with lots of moisture and food, but some heads get wormy and soon die out; then there is quite a lot that are a bit small or out of shape, and we eat those at home. We think they're as good as the best. Sandy says these heads are just ordinary, but useful creatures like him and me. Then there are the select heads that somehow seem to grow roundest and crispest. We write-up a big red poster about these heads and sell them for a good price in the market. Sandy says these heads are like those oratory talkers, they're few and good, but they aren't everything.

Both he and I agreed that the best thing we can do for our fellowmen is to raise a good honest family and vote for what we think best, and maybe run for councillor of the village when the time comes. But no speech-making for us. We're leaving that to those high-faluting oratory-speakers.

ards. . . . Hiking ranks as the most popular form of recreation at Penn in which 128 members of the college State College, according to a survey, staff gave it preference over all other forms of physical activity. . . . Before entering a college a girl should know how to make a man either kiss her or not kiss her, was the conclusion of a freshman co-ed at Syracuse University.

TAURUS

We would like to know what is to be done with some of the cocky and unmannerly young "gentlemen" that fortune wished upon us this fall in the shape of what used to be known as Freshmen. If some of these young bucks ever had any inkling of politeness and proper decorum they promptly forgot all about it when they landed here. Of course, initiation is dead—but does that mean that these young high school graduates assume that we are going to put up with unmannerly impudence from them.

The other day a large number of students were waiting in line at the cashier's wicket to pay their fees when one bright young cub boldly shouldered his way ahead of some half-dozen upper classmen and women who were in line long before he ever entered the room. This is not only unmannerly, but is downright ignorant. In previous years the Sophomores would have taught this boorish upstart that one must always be a gentleman—even if it hurts some people.

As Taurus said last week, this University needs advertising; one way that we can get inexpensive and favorable publicity is through the pages of the two overtown newspapers. They are both ready and willing to print University news; in fact, they each pay a reporter to collect the items of interest for them. The little girl who reports for the Bulletin is a student in attendance at the University, and judging by the very creditable amount of news she gets printed in her paper, she must be right up on her toes.

The big Wauneta pow-wow is upon us again. Now, young man, if you don't get a bid, don't feel downhearted. You possibly have not been hypocritical enough to do the requisite amount of chiselling. You know what I mean—you must hush some woman, preferably a green Freshette, who looks sufficiently

(Continued on Page Six)

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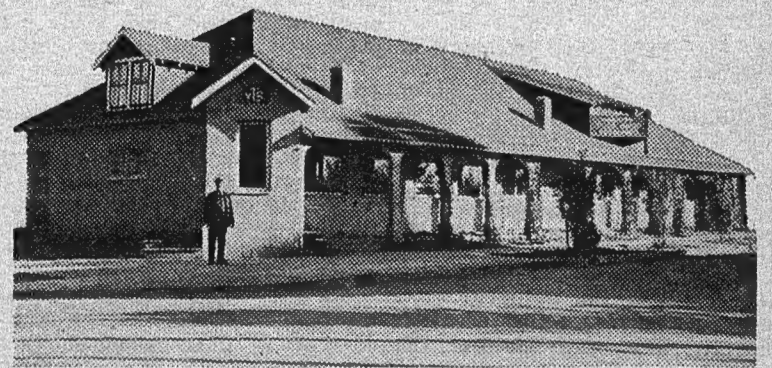
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Seniors To Meet Altomahs In Calgary Saturday

New Records Established At Interfac. Track Meet

Arts-Com-Law Win Interfac Meet with 59 Points—Science Second With 37 Points

Five old faculty records went by the boards at the track meet last Saturday, when Beatrice Gillespie made three new sprint records and Clair Malcolm and Harold Riley set new men's records in two events.

Clair Malcolm won the men's individual championship with 29½ points, while Beatrice Gillespie won the women's record with 23 points. Harold Riley and Jenny Filipkowski were in second places with 18 and 20 points respectively.

Beatrice Gillespie set new records in the 50, 100 and 220 yard dashes. Harold Riley set up a new record in 220 yard dash. Johnny Woznow broke the high jump record. Cruickshanks tied the pole vault record.

Arts-Com-Law won the interfaculty championship with 59 points. The Aggies were next with 37 points. The Aggies brought up close behind with 30 points, while Pharm-Med-Dent had a total of 5 points.

Events

Men's hammer throw: 1, Millican; 2, Tuttle; 3, Davidson; distance, 83.9 feet.

Men's 120 yards hurdles: 1, Malcolm; 2, Woznow; 3, Cruickshanks; time, 17 2-5 secs.

Men's 100-yard dash: 1, Riley; 2, Pasternack; 3, Melling; time, 10 2-5 secs.

Men's broad jump: 1, Pasternack; 2, Malcolm; 3, Woznow; distance, 20.9 feet.

Men's 1-mile: 1, Piercy; 2, Kuneilus; time, 5:24 2-5.

Men's shot put: 1, Malcolm; 2, Gaunce; 3, Millican; distance, 31.15 feet.

Men's high jump: 1, Woznow; 2, Prevey; 3, Malcolm; distance, 5ft. 8in. (new record); old record, 5ft. 6in.

Men's 220-yard dash: 1, Riley; 2, Pasternack; 3, Bartleman; time, 23 secs. (new record); old record, 23 2-5.

Men's discus: 1, Malcolm; 2, Burke; 3, Shillington; distance, 102.5 feet.

Men's 3-mile run: 1, Staples; 2, Piercy; time, 18.3.

Ladies' discus throw: 1, Jenny Filipkowski; 2, Helen Ford; 3, Ellen Erdman; distance, 80ft. 8in.

Ladies' broad jump: 1, Beatrice Gillespie; 2, Ruth Carlyle; 3, Irene Barnett; distance, 15ft. 9½in.

Ladies' 100-yard dash: 1, Beatrice Gillespie; 2, Irene Barnett; 3, Jenny Filipkowski; time, 12 secs. (new record).

Ladies' baseball throw: 1, Jenny Filipkowski; 2, Ellen Erdman; 3, Nellie Thrasher; distance, 145ft. 8½in.

Ladies' high jump: 1, Irene Barnett; 2, Beatrice Gillespie; 3, Jenny Filipkowski; height, 4ft. 6in.

Ladies' 50-yard dash: 1, Beatrice Gillespie; 2, Jenny Filipkowski; 3, Irene Barnett; time, 6 2-5.

Ladies' javelin throw: 1, Jenny Filipkowski; distance, 71ft. 4½in.

Ladies' 220-yard dash: 1, Gillespie; 2, Irene Barnett; time 27.4 (new record).

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BEATRICE GILLESPIE

Who displayed great form in setting new records in the 50, 100 and 220 yards dash at Saturday's track meet, and looks good to take inter-university honors.

Dr. Wallace Addresses Freshman Class Wednesday

SERIES OF INFORMAL ADDRESSES TO BE GIVEN EVERY FORTNIGHT

On Wednesday, October 11, at 11:30 a.m., the new students were addressed in Convocation Hall by Dr. Wallace. The lecture was entitled "The World of Knowledge," and is the first of a series of lectures which Dr. Wallace will give to Freshmen during the year. The lecture dealt with the physical world around us, and many late scientific discoveries and investigations. It was very interesting, especially to Applied Science and Medical students.

The Physical World

In this series of informal addresses, in which the endeavor will be made to give some appreciation of the realm of knowledge as a connected whole, the centre of our thinking will be man himself. Knowledge has been amassed and classified by the human mind. It will be limited only by the limitations of man's mind.

One of the great triumphs of mankind is the power which has been acquired over the outside world. That has come mainly in the last century and a half, and is a direct result of the experimental method in science. It has applications in the world of life as in the world of non-living matter; for the moment we are concerned with the latter. One need refer only to wireless telegraph, telephone and radio, to the amazing progress in the use of electricity, to the internal combustion engine, to the plastic skill of the chemist, in order to realize something of what has been done. This and much more has come as a by-product of inquiries into the secret of nature for the sake of knowledge alone.

The laws of nature are generalised statements of fact. In the world of the infinitely small, with which the physicist has much to do, they are statistical statements of averages. Practically this means no deviation from uniformity, because of the large number of cases averaged. Theoretically, it opens wide fields for speculation in which physicists and philosophers are today engaged together.

Physics deals with energy and its transformation, chemistry with matter and its transformation. Of recent years the two fields of study have been very closely related, and that greater insight into the structure of the atom has thrown light on the transformation of energy and the transformation of matter. The electron, the carrier of a negative charge of electricity in the atom, provides a solution to the problem of the transmission of electricity, which is mainly physical, and to the activity of the elements in forming compounds, which is mainly chemical. There is no closed door between the two sciences.

An inviting field of physical inquiry has been that of radiant waves, by means of which energy is transmitted in vacuo. Although man is sensitive to only a small range of radiant waves—that included in the visible spectrum—the physicist has explored waves ranging from electromagnetic waves with wavelength measured in hundreds of miles to cosmic waves measured in millionths of a centimetre, the origin of which is a speculation of fascinating interest. By means of visible spectrum alone, the composition of distant stars is being explored, and the rate at which—according to some astronomers—the universe is expanding has already been measured.

To the chemist the relative activity of some of the elements, the great inactivity of others, and the relationship of the elements in a periodic grouping, have been difficult to explain. The chemist now finds himself able to interpret these questions through an understanding of the nature of the grouping of the atom into the nuclear protons and the revolving electrons. The great activity of sodium can be explained by a relatively free electron: the inactivity of helium through closely bound electrons. The atomic theory explained much: the analysis of the atom may yet explain more. Much remains here in the realm of hypothesis.

MEDS!

Get out and root for your team. First Interfac game to-night—Ag-Law vs. Pharm-Med-Dent.

THE PEARLY CLOUDS

By H. W. J.

All beauty by decree is doomed
To die an early and reluctant death,
To spark fleetly for a little breath,
Then spent, to crumble, by the earth
entombed.

In youth our joy is at its gorgeous
height,
And something perfect seems the
world about
Before the entry made by fatal
doubt
Lays on the scene a lasting blight.

And sorrow becomes a second joy,
While pale religion draws us hence
And holds us bound in mild suspense,
A doubting believer, fantastic alloy!
Unsure whether parent or just helpless boy,
Unsure, but making a brave pretense.

GOOD ATTENDANCE AT SUMMER SCHOOL

Announcements for '34 Session to Be Published Soon

The summer school session of 1933 began July 3 and ended August 8. The attendance reached a new peak of 193, 13 more than the year preceding. A large variety of courses were offered, 15 in all. These included courses from the Departments of Chemistry, Philosophy, Physics, Classics, Education, English, Mathematics, French and History of Political Economy. Through the co-operation of the Department of Education, four additional courses in Dramatics were given. There were voice production, public speaking, technical art of stagecraft, and the art of acting. All told, including the members of the Department of Education, over 900 people were busy on the campus in the past summer. The work, although strenuous, was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended. Professor Nichols gave a much appreciated concert on the memorial organ. Signor Guerrero, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, gave a delightful pianoforte concert in Convocation Hall. This was arranged by the piano teachers of Edmonton. These added inducements aided in making the summer session a thoroughly enjoyable and successful one. In a few weeks announcements of the summer school session of 1934 will be made public.

INDIANA FROSH BRAVE JORDAN'S FLOOD TO BURN CAPS

Bloomington, Ind.—Five hundred jubilant rhinies dashed from the University of Indiana tennis courts early last night through rain and mud to immerse themselves in Jordan river, which had been dammed up behind the power-house, and throw their green hats which they submissively had worn for eight months, on the bon-fire in front of the Fieldhouse.

The annual cap burning, sponsored by Skull and Crescent, honorary Sophomore organization, was climaxed when Wendell Walker, Delta Upsilon won the wild race to the flaming arch. He was aided in winning the silver loving cup by the blocking of opponents by his pledge brother and freshman football teammate, Johnny McDonald.

So eager were the frosh to get to the movie that they neglected to go through the usual rite of tossing the hated sophomores in the Jordan. Only a few of the second-year men were ducked.—Daily Kansan.

SCHEDULE MAN SOUNDS WARNING

Presidents or secretaries of all clubs or societies please note that applications for meetings, dances, etc., must be—

- (1) written applications,
- (2) presented to Schedule Man first and then to the Provost,
- (3) in hands of the Provost within certain time limits before the date of the function.

Please note that applications may be left in Students' Union office, or Box J in basement of the Arts.

On applications please state: Place and time of meeting.

Purpose and type of meeting (i.e., dance for members, or open, etc.).

If possible state second choice for time of meeting.

R. W. B. JACKSON, Schedule Man.

GRADUATE SCIENCE CLUB

A dinner meeting of the Graduate Science Club will be held in Athabasca Lounge on Friday, Oct. 20. Speaker, Dave Ross. Subject, "Experiences in South Africa." There will be a charge of 50c per plate.

S.C.M. MEETING

The first general meeting of the Student Christian Movement will be held at 8:00 p.m. on Tuesday, Oct. 17. Those interested are requested to watch the bulletin boards for definite notice of the place of meeting. Old and new students are invited to be at this meeting.

ODE TO PEMBINA!

She threw me a rose
As I stood 'neath her casement;
She threw me a rose
As I fled to the basement.
She threw me a rose—
That's the theme of my sonnet.
She threw me a rose
With a flower-pot on it!
—R. F. B.

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INTERCOLLEGIATE TRACK MEET HERE SATURDAY

Varsity Scuttles Altomahs On Monday to Tune of 12-2

PETE RULE AND SCOTT SCORE SENSATIONAL TOUCHDOWNS IN LAST QUARTER

Launching a drive that carried Pete Rule and Scott through for a couple of the snappiest touchdowns seen on the Varsity playgrounds since Wally Sterling had the O'Briens and Hesses hitched up, Coach Allen Wilson's Golden Bears dispelled any illusions Calgarians in general, and Altomahs in particular, might have had about Monday's little set-to with a smashing 12-2 victory.

All the Varsity team functioned up to advance notices, a few fumbles being the dark spots to mar a first-class display of ball-toting. Reg Moir at quarter gave a perfect performance of generalship and line-plunging. Pete Rule gave a stand-out performance in a backfield that fairly glittered in the last quarter. Ivan Smith suffered a dislocated knee. The Huttons, minimus and maximus, Zander and Kramer, all played well at end, while Parks was probably the outstanding luminary of the line.

After a slow start, in which the play oscillated up and down the field, Varsity got under way in the last half of the last period. McNeil and McKenzie philosophized over one of McNeil's fumbles a little too long after one of Morton's long hoists, and Art Kramer fell on it to give Varsity possession on Calgary's 35-yard line, and there hangs the story.

Sutherland kicked off to Rule. After an exchange of punts, Ivan Smith failed in an attempt to drop-kick, but Moir rouged Sutherland for a point. The remainder of the period was an exchange of punts, with neither side getting much advantage.

McKenzie went in for Calgary at the beginning of the second period. Morton, Moir, Rule and Smith accounted for three successive first downs for Varsity.

Penalties began to mar the already none too exciting game at this stage. Calgary was forced to kick when an attempted forward pass went haywire. Ivan Smith received, and was carrying the ball back up the field when McKenzie tackled him. It was this play that resulted in Ivan's leg being dislocated.

Calgary completed the first forward, McKenzie to Bell, to put the ball well back in Varsity territory. McKenzie kicked for that equaliser, but Pete Rule carried the ball out of danger. Scott and Moir went through for yards. Pete Gordon lost the ball when he was tackled, and Calgary got the ball on Varsity's ten-yard line and kicked for the tying point.

Morton kicked and Calgary returned. Pete Rule made ten yards. Scott went through for yards. Varsity kicked. McKenzie attempted a forward, but was tackled before he got rid of the ball. Len Parks broke up the next play. Varsity got thrown for a five-yard loss, but Rule went through for five yards. Creighton kicked, and Calgary ran the ball back into good scoring position. McKenzie kicked to Scott for a rouge to end the third period.

At the beginning of the last quarter McKenzie's kick put the ball far back in Varsity territory. Varsity got penalised twice. Morton hoisted the ball 50 yards and it bounced on Calgary's 35-yard line. McNeil touched the ball on the bounce, and it was while he and McKenzie were standing over it that Art Kramer capitalized on the error.

Morton threw a forward pass to Wilf Hutton that made that one-point lead shrink up to the size of a student's bank-roll. Right on top of that 20-yard gain Varsity executed a brilliant extension play that took Varsity to the five-yard line before Morton was halted. Pete Rule did that remaining five yards in no seconds flat to give Varsity a four-point lead. Scott failed to convert it.

After the kick-off, Moir went through to move the sticks on the first down. Morton kicked and Zander recovered another Calgary fumble. Scott went over for another touchdown. Morton dropped for another point.

For Calgary, Sutherland and McKenzie played the best rugby, with McNeil doing good work between fumbles.

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SPORTING SLANTS

By Cecil Jackman

Hotcha! Hotcha! Hotcha!

Four years of weary waiting. Four years of helpless hoping. Four years of holding the bag while the Eskimos and the Indians fought it out for the provincial championship, but now—the Golden Bears are the team to beat.

When the Varsity cut loose with that last period offensive that resulted in two touchdowns the biggest crowd to fill the grid since the days of Wally Sterling's champions let go a yell that could be heard at First and Jasper. And why not?

The orchid, as dear old Walter Winchell says, goes to one Allen Wilson, who has turned out the best conditioned outfit that the campus has seen for many years.

And the lemons to the mug who held the game up for fifteen minutes while a frantic search for yardsticks was being carried on.

More of the orchids to Freshman Scott and Freshman Morton, who came through like veterans when they had to fill the holes left by the injury to Smith.

While we are mentioning rugby heroes, we will hand out the biggest orchid of all to one Pete Rule, who was the medium by which an otherwise slow game went into the winning column with some of the finest rugby seen on the grid.

Even the Altomahs admitted that it was superior playing on the part of the Green and Gold that put the game in the bag for dear old Alma Mater.

Even without Ivan Smith, mainstay of the backfield, Coach Allen Wilson's proteges functioned like a rugby squad ready to go places, in Alberta playdowns at least.

If every member of the species Homo Sapiens had as much energy off the field as Reg Moir has on it, the machine age would be a thing of the past.

It looks as though Varsity's track and field squad was in a position to duplicate the rugby team's feat, and make a good showing next Saturday. With Clair Malcolm and Beatrice Gillespie, two newcomers to these halls of learning, walking off with the individual championships, and a fair share of last year's stars back, we should be in a good position to walk off with both cups. Here's hoping.

were McKidd and Denovan for Arts and Lewis and Robertson for the Engineers. Skiv Edwards was in charge of the game.

BACKFIELD ABSENTEE



IVAN SMITH

Whose injury on Monday will keep him out of the game for the remainder of the season.

Altomahs Take Varsity Into Camp at Calgary

WIN BY 21-1 SCORE—FUMBLES PLAY LARGE PART IN VARSITY'S FIRST APPEARANCE OF SEASON

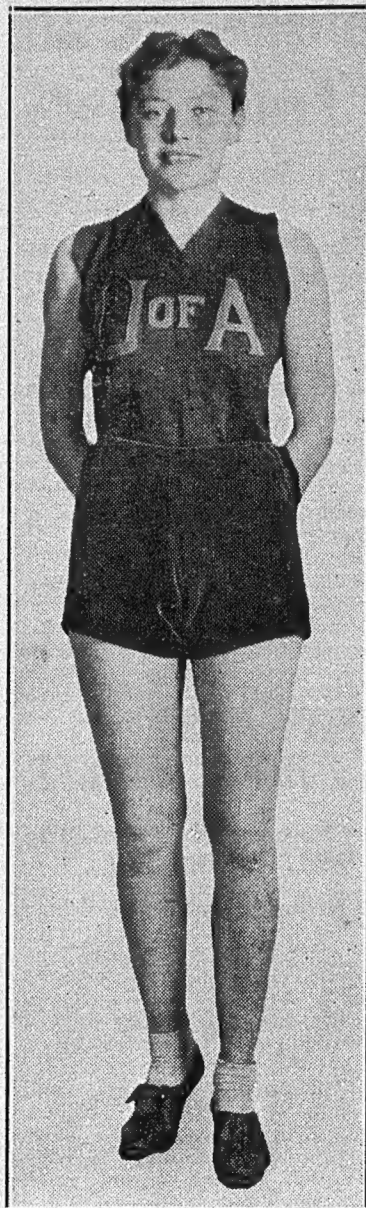
Last Saturday the Calgary fans saw the Varsity Senior rugby squad go down to defeat before the Altomah Indians at the Calgary Stadium to the tune of 21-1. However, the play was not as one-sided as the score implies, both teams being very well balanced. Calgary making their three touchdowns due to fumbles on the part of Varsity. Calgary was held well in check until half-time, but in the middle of the third stanza the Wilson outfit became disorganized, and it was at this time that the costly fumbles were made. In the dying moments of the fray, however, the Green and Gold boys hit a stride that carried them the length of the field in three plays. If they could have started the action that they finished up with earlier in the game, Calgary would never have won by such a margin. It might be said here also that the game Saturday was Varsity's first, while Calgary had already played three matches before they met the students, and this fact cannot be overlooked when discussing the game.

The play during the first quarter was very ragged, consisting chiefly of punts, although Ivan Smith did get over some wonderful kicks. After

a series of kicks and bucks, McKenzie of the Indians booted one to the dead-line for a count of one. Nevertheless towards the end of the quarter Morton tied up the score with a kick to the line. During this first period Smith and Borgal were the mainstays for Varsity, while Graves and Hides did most of the big work for the Altomahs. The quarter ended 1-1. The second quarter was very little improvement on the first as far as play was concerned, both teams trying innumerable bucks and end runs. Towards the end of the period, how-

(Continued on Page Six)

LEADS ALBERTA



JENNY FILIPKOWSKI

SASKATCHEWAN TO COMPETE HERE

Alberta Putting Forward Two Strong Teams

Stars from Alberta and Saskatchewan will compete in the track and field meet at the Varsity grid tomorrow, with the Cairns and Rutherford trophies at stake. Beatrice Gillespie and Jenny Filipkowski will lead the ladies' contingent in defence of the Rutherford trophy. Others included in the women's team will be: Irene Barnett, Ruth Carlyle, Ellen Erdman, Nellie Thresher, Helen Ford and Ruth Freeman, who is president of Women's Track.

The outstanding athletes on the men's team are Clare Malcolm and Harold Riley, who with Bob Cruickshanks, Johnny Woznow, Simon Pasternack, Otis Staples, F. R. Williams, Percy, Kunelius, Burke, Harry Preyey, Morley Tuttle and Don Gardiner, will try to retrieve the Cairns trophy.

Women's Intercollegiate Track Meet

The University received word late on Thursday afternoon that the University of Saskatchewan would send a women's track team to compete in the Intercollegiate Meet to be held on Saturday, October 14. The members of the team as far as is known at the present are: Dorothy

(Continued on Page Six)

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TROPHY DONATED FOR H.L. BASKETBALL

Women Students Compete for Miss Bakewell Cup

House League basketball practises are due to start within a month. The league is organized for the benefit of all Freshettes who are desirous of learning or improving their game, and for all those who haven't time, or are unable to turn out with the senior squads for practise.

Positions that become vacant are annually filled by the best players from House League teams.

A tournament is run off between the various teams to decide the winners of the House League Trophy, kindly donated by Miss E. Bakewell, of the staff, for the purpose of stimulating interest. Besides, it is hoped to enter a team of some of the best players in an overtown league.

Freshettes, this is your opportunity—make the best of it!

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ON BEING ACADEMIC

By C. Shortliffe

It is well known that over a period of years a word may so alter its meaning as to eventually denote merely a remote connotation of its former significance. The word "academic" has already undergone considerable evolution since the days of Plato's "Academia." Assuming that we may expect further modifications, it is interesting, on the basis of present day trends, to attempt a forecast of the meaning this word may assume at some future date.

Let us imagine that we could open the pages of a dictionary dated 2000 A.D. Under the word "academic" we should probably find: "Useless, impractical, pertaining to the use of the intellect as an end in itself"—or something to that effect. An academic man thus becomes a useless man, an academic question one upon the solution of which depends nothing of any importance whatsoever. It is interesting to note that we already speak of such a problem as "purely academic."

Well, if we agree that such is the trend with respect to the academic idea, what then must be the inevitable fate of the conception of the academic institution, examples of which are the faculties of Arts in most modern universities? Shall the study of the fine arts be condemned as useless and impractical? Shall the student of the so-called "cultural" branches of learning be branded a parasite? The answer is "yes" to both questions—unless something is done about it! Let him to whom this possibility seems absurd reflect that the abolition of the Faculty of Arts has been seriously advocated in the debating society by students whose obvious sincerity makes evident the fact that for them at least this question is not "merely academic." Let him recollect further that there is increasing evidence of rising public impatience with those studies whose "practical" benefits are not readily discernible to the layman.

The first impulse of the "academic" man is to attribute such a feeling to the inherent perversity of the public—to consider it as merely one more demonstration of the decadence of modern democracy. It is true that the word "impractical" was never more abused than it is today. Yet there is a sound basis for the public resentment.

In crises such as the present "depression," when old social and economic forms and methods are being of necessity discarded, the bewildered "man-in-the-street" looks for guidance toward the so-called intelligentia. If he had but an inkling of the amount of hope which lies in this direction, there would be a revolution tomorrow morning. For the self-respecting "intellectual" feels himself to be above what he sneeringly refers to as "party politics." It could not be truthfully said that he is indifferent to the public weal—in fact, his mind is usually brimming over with fine ideas concerning those reforms which are necessary in order to create a happy and healthy order of society. But he deliberately holds himself aloof from any organized effort to put these policies into effect. He refuses to prostitute his intellect to the social welfare of the nation. Discussion of public affairs is welcome only up to the point where someone suggests that something only up to the point where someone suggests that something be done about it. He enjoys exercising his superior mentality upon "academic" problems much as the athlete enjoys displaying his superior muscular strength upon the playing field. And he resents the request that he use his intellectual powers toward the solution of today's problems as much as would the athlete if asked to apply his muscular ability to the sawing of wood.

The throwing of javelins and the kicking of inflated balls has become sane and reasonable only because those activities which formerly fostered physical well-being have been taken over either by machines or by lesser intellects. But mental athletics and the accompanying exhibitionism are not so easily justified. Modern conditions supply all the opportunity for mental exercise which the most pedantic intellectual could desire. In addition, the present state of society furnishes him with the opportunity to watch the pets of his brain blossom forth into reality. The total failure of our present social order renders farcical any attempt to make "sheer intellect" an end in itself. We should guild gymnastic rowing machines only when we have motors to run out boats.

And yet political clubs are "be-

EXPERIENTIA DOCET

An answer to Essay on Man, which only proved that this rhyme is all the more correct in all its details.

So pretty, so sweet,
But so confounded dumb
They can't even rhyme
Sur l'ancienne homme.

Their faces all covered
With red-coloured paint,
Still trying to be
The things that they ain't.

They cover your shoulder
With white coloured junk,
Till men are all waiting
That dandruff's the bunk.

They wear anything
The men will decree,
But go around yelling
We women are free.

At vamping, dear girlies,
Your ways are so simple,
You can't win a man
With a smile and a dimple.

They copy our trousers,
Our shirts and our ties,
And think they will win us
With Maybelline eyes.

We never saw men
In blouses and skirts,
And so, boys, we dub 'em
As dumb little flirts.

They study the subjects
Both high and profound,
For it's there that they think
That men will abound.

They take engineering
And law and such things,
For they think it will net them,
High profits in rings.

But still, boys, we like them
BECAUSE they're so dumb,
And they don't seem so bad
When kept under the thumb.

But don't let them wander
The way they would like,
Just keep them at home
With some cute little tyre.

A MAN.

FERMATA

By F. P. Mac

I hate to say "I told you so" (you've no idea!), but since I'm undoubtedly the only one who remembers it, I'll have to take it upon myself. About a year and a half ago I announced in the pages of this austere academic journal that a certain semi-unknown radio singer, then singing in a San Francisco dance orchestra, would before long become a widely popular favorite.

I was right. I am always right. For it was Phil Harris, whom you saw starring in "Melody Cruise," that picture which had to be held over an extra three days when it played at the Strand last week.

And between photoplays Phil conducts his own orchestra—no longer in Los Angeles, where he was this time last year, but in Chicago, from where he broadcasts on a national hook-up.

Whaddid I tell ya? (And for them what doubts me, you can dig it up in The Gateway for January 15, 1932.)

And that's only the beginning, folks—on-ly the be-gin-ning!

We hereby wish to make it known that the film "F.P.I." has no connection with ourselves.

"Just who, pray, is this Michio Ito?"

Of all the arts, that of the dance is the least known in Western Canada. The great names of literature, of music, of the drama are all well known. Radio, phonograph, and the talking screen have brought them to our doorstep. Even our local stage has given us outstanding actors in prominent plays—though I grant you this luxury is rare. But of the dance we are horribly ignorant. I think if I were to say Nijinsky to anyone they would think I was sneezing. Yet, though today he is lost in the mires of hopeless insanity, twenty years ago he was the greatest genius in the world, never yet surpassed. The late Anna Pavlova seems to have faded a little better—and that because she took the matter into her own hands and made innumerable and extensive tours all over the world.

And thus we have the query—among those interested enough to make it—who the deuce is this Ito? For Michio Ito is one of the greatest dancers in the world. He is Japanese, but he is cosmopolitan. He has danced in Europe—Paris, Berlin,

neath" the university student. We are horrified to learn of the activities of certain professors in the political field. Even the intellect of the intellectuals has failed to make them realize that politics is no longer the cute and amusing shadow-boxing of the latter quarter of the nineteenth century. It is today a branch of sociology—of ethics—which reminds us of a chap named "Aristotle"—a gentleman who did not consider himself "above" the politics of his day.

Rightly or wrongly, enlightened public opinion is growing weary of "intellectuals" who spend their time just "intellecting."

Fiction—Travels

By Hal J. Moreau

It is the author's intention in this column to present alternately a short story and an essay on voyaging.

The yarns, of course, will be entirely fictitious and will deal with a wide variety of topics, but, due to the necessity of condensation, may not be as smoothly penetrating or as widely analytical as would be longer stories.

The brief sketches on travel will likewise be comprehensive in scope but narrow in particular presentation. Culled from the author's own experiences, from those of his friends and from other reliable sources, they no doubt will contain interesting as well as valuable matter.

Second number of the series is an attempt to describe one of the most fashionable resorts of Spain.

SAN SEBASTIAN

Did you see George Arliss' interpretation of Voltaire? If you did you will have noticed the peculiar head-dress he wore on some occasions—a large handkerchief affair wound about like a modified Hindu turban, with just a suggestion of the mitral gear of native savagery and the snooty propeller-hats of very modern young women, Balbo-mad they tell me.

Well, when you visit the Basque province of Oupiscoa and drive from Biarritz to San Sebastian along the coastal road, it will be the handkerchief hats of the old women which perhaps more than anything else will bring home to you the fact that you are in a new, old country. Of course, the red, blue, purple and yellow berets—strangely like those with which some of our friends bedeck themselves in spring—will also play their part in bringing you to an understanding of the situation.

Be that as it may, by the time you have reached San Sebastian you are prepared for what you find—a novel ancient city.

Parts of it have been rebuilt? Yes, certainly. There is in truth a modern literally new section comprising more than half. But still San Sebastian is old.

The fact that formerly, when Spain was a kingdom and the Bourbons sat on the throne, a summer court was held there speaks eloquently of its attractiveness. Now, as then, its climate aids its natural beauty to retain its popularity. For it is one of the most popular coastal resorts of all the Spanish Peninsula. There are really two towns included within its boundaries—the old and the new, separated by the Alameda, a modern avenue.

It is dawn, and from your balcony high up in the hotel you look towards the east. Far off on the road to France a fog is slowly being dissipated, its veil withdrawn to show scenery excelled but rarely. A river, the Urumea, winds there and the rising sun dips golden flakes from its surface. In the distance clouded, blue mountains; nearer stretches of dark green forest where yet the mists of morning linger; then the estuary of the Urumea, and last, almost at your feet, the old city itself.

The sun has at last pushed itself clear of the horizon. Still looking East, you are enabled to view with uninterrupted vision the wide Bay of Biscay and the distant Atlantic. A fresh breeze is blowing inshore, and

London, etc. He has given command performances before the King and Queen of England. At his studios in New York he has counted among his pupils many famous dancers, including Ruth St. Denis.

And now he is appearing in Edmonton. That is our singular good luck, and we should take advantage of it. I hope he does his famous Spear Dance. But whatever he does will be incomparably the greatest thing ever seen here.

They call her the Golden West, and why not, for "She Done Him Wrong" is the box office smash of the year. And again, why not? It's ripe and lusty humor was just what we needed. And so, it seems, was Mae West—boy, oh boy, what a lady! That corset hitch of hers simply gets me. And can she sing jazz the way it was born to be sung! I don't mind admitting I went to see this picture twice.

But while you are attributing the success of the picture to Mae West, both as a personality and as author of the play ("She Done Him Wrong") is but a veiled adaption of her famous "Diamond Lil", don't forget that it was directed by Lowell Sherman. This is but one of a number of brilliant comedies he has directed. (Do you remember "Ladies of the Jury" with Edna Mae Oliver?) "The Morning Glory" is his too, incidentally.

It is interesting to note that Mae West's sudden popularity in this film of the nineties is having a decided effect upon fashions. They tell me, however, that it is not directly due to her, but that she merely helped along a fashion change that was psychologically bound to come. I won't pursue the subject further, for that's getting beyond my depth, but it does sound rather interesting. I suppose all fashion changes have their psychological basis; I can see that it must be a fascinating study, this business of fashions for women.

Did you feel lonesome this year, Freshie? Misery loves company, and when every Freshman was decked out in the Green and Gold, misery recognized company. True it is that most of the misery is now eliminated. But you can't always remove that alone-in-a-strange-city feeling. Every Freshman used to be a friend of every Freshman, but now he doesn't even know him. Hazing may have been very humiliating individually, but it also made one feel important as a group to have all this fuss and excitement made over him. But now nobody is interested.

the green water wears a crown of foamy silver. Closer in towards the coast, however, the sea seems dark and angry as it hurls itself against the sandstone cliffs.

The distant grandeur awakens in you the desire to go nearer, to approach and view from at hand; but first you must secure a general impression of San Sebastian.

Your eyes switch from the east towards the north. The river Urumea crosses your line of vision again, and is completely forgotten in the new picture.

A peninsula shoots out into the bay.

On it is built the old town, a maze, a labyrinth of narrow streets, of high Spanish houses, of wooden balconies, of railings, of plazas, squares and courts.

The people here are already astir, and though the distance is too great for you to distinguish their features or dress, nevertheless you can quite easily see that many are carrying huge fish baskets and are coming towards the markets. Others, weighed down under their fishing equipment, are hurrying in the opposite direction—towards their boats.

And then further on to the peninsula you see the houses thin considerably—a huge mass of black rock rises, like the bowl of some giant pipe, at its end. It is Monte Urquil, up whose slope the town does not struggle very far.

You look to the west, the third and last section of your survey—the Bay of Concha; the bathing beach, sweeping from the base of the peninsula towards the west: the resort, the second face of San Sebastian. It is Concha Bay that holds your attention, colored shell with the rising in the town now. It lies like a huge deluge sun tinging it perfectly, and scarcely a ripple marring its serenity. There are people stirring about here, too.

But they are not preparing for a day's fishing. It is a morning dip in

(Continued on Page Six)

Mental Peregrinations

WE

We decided to peregrinate into politics. Now, what parties and policies should we endorse? Lessee, now, do we believe in democracy? The Turks had a word for it, but they're 2,500 years behind the times. In democracy the individual vote counts for little; it's public opinion that eventually prevails. And the masses are asses. Takes too long to teach them anything. Education is too slow. And anyways, education is the teaching of other people's doctrines is only propaganda. And there is too much propaganda in the world.

No, democracy is too slow and insufficient. Better try dictatorship. Something strong and effective. Now, how to get a good dictator. We don't want a fanatic and murderer, like this guy Hitler. Can't hold him down once he gets into power. Of course, we can always bump him off, but that's messy, and we might get caught. No, that's out, too.

Well, lessee what we've got in Canada. Conservatives? A good old party. Lots of traditions. Also lots of money. Might pay to join. But we don't like these policies of stand-pat and of economic nationalism. "Protection" sounds too much like racketeering.

Liberals? Ah, that sounds more like it! Founded on the broad concepts of freedom, justice, tolerance, liberalism. Yeah, but they must have lost their way. Just as old-fashioned and conservative as the Tories. And they haven't even got a concrete policy.

C.C.F.? Swell idea—utilize the factors of production for the benefit of the many, not the few. No more unemployment. Lots of jobs. Yeah, but if they got full control of the country, they'd probably be as big gruffers as the others. And anyways, they'd kill our rugged individualism.

Oh, hell! Let's go to a show!

October 8, 1933.

University of Alberta. Depression is upon the land, our treasury is broke; Varsity must continue, so the students we will soak.

We must keep up the market roads, support the wheat pool, too; Our rural phones are heavy loads, the farmers feel quite blue. We'll cater to their every whim, in this and that direction; Else our chances will be slim at date of next election.

The townsman's needs we will neglect, we'll tax them very high; Abuses we will not correct, we will not even try. They've soured on us, quite rightly so; for such discrimination, They're powerless, for we've arranged for just such a situation.

We hold majority in the house through proportional representation, Though most of the voters are opposed to our continuation. We've closed the Normal; learning is useless and unhealthy, Hereafter we'll confine it to the children of the wealthy.

We'll raise all the tuition fees the students pay at college; Reduce the salaries of the men who impart to them knowledge. This will be hard on lots of them who cannot raise the dough; May force them to stay out perhaps, two or three years or so.

This rank injustice will result in harm if not corrected, We'll take the risk just for the sake of being re-elected.

"VOX PUPULI."

DILETTANTE

FUGUET'S

Paris is probably the most beautiful city in the world—with strict formality in plan and a light classical architecture; wide boulevards greened with trees against white facades; the gracefully bridged Seine with broad level stone embankments uncrowded by structures; and everywhere fountains and marble statuary bringing before your senses the myths of Ancient Greece and Classic Rome. Here, from the royal Place de la Concorde, square of flashing waters and white marble busts centered by the great Cleopatra's needle, leading up to the mighty Arc de Triomphe, is the Champs Elysees, grand boulevard of the world.

Along the Champs Elysees, on the south side, a block from the Arc, is a street cafe, Fuguet's. It is the gathering place of "the young men about town" for their noon and evening cocktails. Lads, young descendants of the old aristocracy of France, smartly dressed in the dark clothes of the conservative European; lads, young descendants of Mayflower families in gayer American dress, lads from first families all over the world, gather here. Tongues of every nation flow and gently sip sweet coctions, while passing beggars entertain with juggling and tumbling and music and song. Before you on the street the world is passing by, marching ever to and from the Place d'Etoile, where the mighty Arc rises in sheer glory.

Here, where the past meets the present, the high the low, the far the near, amidst great monuments of man's labors, achievements of mind and spirit, life presses, thickens and crowds in upon you almost suffocating in its intensity, until every fibre in the body thrills with a new knowledge of that which is. Previously you may have looked upon man, and he was a mere stimulus to the vision; now you begin to feel him, to sense his striving, seeking, fighting, never finding. You feel him in mute glory, in the Arc, you building, the table at which you sit, the glass from which you sip—in all his arts and all his works. Life throbs and pulsates, all time marches past in awful panorama. Your atom takes its place in the great harmony of flow, and the spirit develops with ever-increasing impulsion, deepening the channel of its existence, mellowing and enriching as the purple succulence of the grape seasons, and ages to a subtle flavor and more ambrosial bouquet.

In this high point of sensitivity, crushed by an atmosphere of awful life, thundering upon you comes the question of consummation. Here you are caught, held, and lost. But the condition is not sorry or of hurt, and it is followed by a peace of mind, serenity and joyous exultation in man and his strivings, toward whatever end. The cabbages and kings have found a relation on to you in the moving tide, and with full gratitude for this alone, the mind may quietly reflect:

"And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all which in inherit, shall dissolve

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,

Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep."

ESSAY ON WOMEN

In the hope that they read it, and derive much profit thereby.

I have observed an essay written on men, which savours mostly of the cackling hen

Who rising from her nest, must always beg

Attention for her masterpiece, the egg.

This egg I fear had lingered in the nest

And so, forsooth, was scarcely of the best.

Pretentious creatures, when will you get used

To seeing males, the rulers of the roost.

Must I arouse my deepest power of scorn

To chide, to chastise or to merely warn

The female sex, that their requisite station

Is one of calm, but thoughtless decoration.

Must I berate the hapless ones who think

But sadder yet, commit their thoughts to ink

And dare to criticize, and make much ill

Of men—and then indeed must sugar-coat the pill

And offer it with crocodilean tears. Proclaiming men at heart are rather dears.

Oh, shameless ones, 'twas not cosmetic's art

That made you two-faced from the very start.

Your sister Eve, 'twas made the first mistake,

She boldly tried to eat and have her cake.

A process which upset man's moral code

And left him, then as now, to bear the load.

Since then, our gallant men have tried To sacrifice our all except our pride.

You ape our manners, smoke and drink and swear,

Play golf, wear trousers, and cut short your hair.

In short, you try, thank God with no avail,

To steal the thunder of the glorious male.

Pray be content to sit at home and knit,

Such is your lot, you were designed for it.

Resign yourselves, embrace the splendid fate

That makes of man, your master and your mate.

Accept with gladness your appointed lot,

Refrain from writing vague sentimental rot,

Lest you awake and find your subtle snare

Is empty, and perchance your cupboard bare.

Madam, you glibly spoke of Lifebuoy soap,

A subject which was well within your scope.

Immerse yourself within its rich embrace,

And clear your mind, as well as wash your face.

BY A MAN.

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NO NICE MAN SWEARS

At our hand-tailored clothes; but he does swear by them, for they are made to fit his own intimate requirements in every little detail.

The cut of the lapels, the width of the trousers, the adequate number of tunnel loops—none of these matters is too small a thing for our own tailors to consider from every aspect. Suits and Overcoats from \$22.50 up

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Tailors in Edmonton since 1898 10164 101st Street Opposite Metropolitan Store

DRINKS ARE ON ME SAYS VARSITY MAN

**Notorious Ex-student Provides
Free Coffee for Thirsty Students
at St. Jo's Next Monday**

Elusive rumors that events of world-shaking importance were transpiring in the St. Jo's Tuck Shop, coupled with stories of a mysterious but powerful personage who was said to be planning one of the greatest coups in history, led one of The Gateway's special representatives to interview the perpetrators (pardon us, proprietors) of the said place in an effort to clear up the matter. Very reticent upon the matter at first, the skillful questioning of The Gateway scribe finally dragged forth the following confession:

"Yes, it's planned for next Monday, but you'll have to see Mr. — (he mentioned the name of a person so well known to the public of every civilized country—and some uncivilized ones as well—that to mention it might be to precipitate a great catastrophe—probably to ourselves).

We finally found Mr. —'s luxurious suite of offices carefully concealed on the twenty-seventh floor of a magnificent office building on Jasper avenue. After almost untold difficulties, we succeeded in securing an interview with the great man himself. As we reverently crossed the expensive Persian rug which covered the floor, he rose condescendingly from behind the acre and a half of polished mahogany which formed his desk and motioned us to one of several arm-chairs about the office.

"From The Gateway, I see," he remarked, beaming upon us in his winning way. "Make yourself at home. I'm always more than glad to see anyone from that truly great paper, one of the University's great papers," he went on reverently. "This reminds me of the days when I used to work on The Gateway myself, that's where I got my start, and now look at me!" — here he launched into reminiscences of his life on The Gateway. "I remember one day we were all sitting around the office telling stories —" (deleted—Editor).

"That was certainly a good one, Mr. —," we rejoined. "But as I fully realize your time is valuable, I shall get along with the business in hand."

"Oh, of course, you will want to know all about our great plans for next week. Well, you may print anything you wish about me," said the great man pleasantly. "I realize, of course, that your editor will do that whether I wish it or not," he continued with a chuckle. "Yes," he continued dreamily, "we have great plans in mind." Here he leaned across his desk and spoke with great intensity (onions, we believe). "We plan to do nothing less than to pre-

sent the students of your University with all the coffee they can drink, absolutely free of charge." "What about cream and sugar?" we ventured to inquire timidly. "Why, you bring your own, of course," he replied with what we thought we detected as a touch of sarcasm. "No," he continued, "absolutely everything is free. Our motto is, 'See me Nile treat you right.' Pretty good, eh." And he went into convulsions of laughter, in which we joined somewhat doubtfully.

"This is something to which I have looked forward for many years," continued Mr. —. "It is the first stroke in a great drive I am inaugurating against the Caffeine Trust. I hope to see them as flat as a Gateway pun before I am finished," he concluded in his genial and kindly way. "In fact," he finished up, "I have hopes of completely A-Nile-ating them." We choked slightly, and rose to go.

"You may tell the students," he remarked, as he showed us the door, "that my only wish is that I could supply them with free beer, but you know how it is with the times. The way they are . . ." and as we proceeded thoughtfully downstairs.

SCALPING THE ALTOMAHNS

Varsity. Calgary Cameron..... snapButtors Moir..... quarterBell Creighton..... insidesHogan Borgal..... middlesThompson Parks..... middlesChristie W. Hutton..... endsFreena Zender..... halvesGraham Smith..... halvesSutherland Scott..... halvesHides Rule..... halvesMcKenzie Morton..... halvesGraham Subbs, Varsity: B. Hutton, Kramer, Hayes, Gordon, Wilson, Richard, Hargreaves.

Subbs, Calgary: Jegerson, Large, Harris, Whittaker, Williams, Roberts.

First quarter—Varsity, Sutherland roused by Hutton, 1 point.

Second quarter—Calgary, Scott roused by Whittaker, 1 point; Calgary, Scott roused by Friend, 1 point.

Fourth quarter—Varsity, touchdown, Rule, 5 points; Varsity touchdown, Scott, 5 points, converted by Morton, 1 point.

Calgary 2, Varsity 12.

Calgary—

First downs: 1st quarter, 1; 2nd quarter, 2; 3rd quarter, 3; 4th quarter, 3.

Varsity—1st quarter, 2; 2nd quarter, 4; 3rd quarter, 7 (3 consecutive); 4th quarter, 4.

Passes—Varsity 4, two completed; Calgary 6, two completed.

Kicks—Smith, 45 yards; Sutherland 35 yards.

Average—McKenzie, 45 yards; Morton, 40 yards.

SASKATCHEWAN TO COMPETE HERE

(Continued from Page Five)

Rutherford, Phyllis Haslan, Edith Lewis and Barbara Wheelock.

Miss Dorothy Rutherford, who has been prominent in athletics both at the University of Saskatchewan and in the Intercollegiate meets, will represent Saskatchewan in the sprints and in the running broad jump and running high jump. Alberta is expecting keen competition from Dorothy.

Miss Phyllis Haslan, an outstanding swimmer in last year's swimming meet, is expected to participate in the weight throwing events.

Preparations have been made by the Alberta Track Team in conjunction with the Social Directorate to entertain the visiting team at a banquet.

Miss Ruth Freeman, President of Track, will entertain both teams at tea at her home on Sunday afternoon.

SKIERS, ATTENTION!

All those interested in skiing are invited to a meeting in Arts 142 at 4:30 on Monday, October 16, to organize the Varsity Ski Club for the coming season.

MUSIC TREAT ANTICIPATED



HART HOUSE STRING QUARTET

Edmonton musical circles in general, and Varsity students in particular, will have an opportunity to hear once again this internationally famous Canadian quartet, who will perform in Convocation Hall on November 16th. Since its inception in 1924 by the Hon. Vincent and Mrs. Massey, this talented string quartet has won the highest of praise wherever they have performed. As the Parisian critics wrote, "They immediately established themselves as one of the best quartets in the world." (Le Monde Musical.)

FICTION—TRAVEL

(Continued from Page Five)

the sea that lures them out.

The wind has practically ceased to blow, and only at the base of Monte Urguil do the waves beat angrily. Far to the west the road winds towards Bilbao. A cloud of dust hangs over it, people are travelling, the morning is far advanced.

You leave the balcony and descend to a late breakfast. "You have slept well," smiles the waiter politely. To whom you may say, "I have watched."

Refreshed, ambitious, you leave the hotel shortly after noon and go to view closely the particularly enticing bits you noticed from the balcony.

Our progress, when once we gain the street, is much slower than we had anticipated. From our high outlook everything had seemed close at hand, but now we are lost in a vast crowd and ramble half blindly.

The children seem to be always hungry, forever yelling and eternally on the move. We stop to speak to some, and find them brimming over with mirth and happiness—and pranks. They take it for granted that we are one of them. One group goes so far as to charge us with a small scarlet cloak and wooden lances, roaring, "Toro! toro!"

The peculiar part of it all is that most of them speak Basque, Spanish and French. Some, chiefly the older people, speak only Basque.

On the Playa de Banos or bathing beach of Concha Bay we get our first real close-up of the resort. Soft, golden sand, deep and warm, provides an excellent spot for bathers. A clean, modern background lends it an added attraction. But these things, after all, are mere accompaniments.

The bay is a marvel of beauty. Scarcely a ripple disturbs its glassy surface—though farther out we can see the ocean churning uneasily.

The tiny island of Santa Clara, almost in the center of the expanse of water, seems to serve as an efficient breaker, while on the east the peninsula itself affords ample protection. About the base of Santa Clara are many curiously carved rocks sticking out of the water like a scattered army of men guarding an important post.

There are bathers shouting and splashing in the water, having, as Brother Philip would say, a gay old time. Were the attraction of whatsoever is new less powerful and had we more leisure time, then undoubtedly we should join them. For the day is steaming hot, the water invitingly cool.

But we have other things to see; the afternoon is wearing on, and we must hurry.

The recently built bull-ring—which takes the place, in Spain, of the old Roman amphitheatre and the new Western boxing ring—with all its picturesqueness and glamor and size holds our attention for some time. Unfortunately there is no engagement today, and we must be satisfied with walking around and gazing at the structure.

An old man wearing a red beret comes up. He lives in San Sebastian and would be pleased to conduct us about the town—making it emphatically clear that he is doing so for pride of his city and not for money.

A ramble, too long to describe in detail, takes us to all points of interest: the cathedral with its meaning, the barracks with its sturdy walls, the colleges, hospital, hotels and a multiplicity of true Spanish residences.

And then our guide invites us to have chocolate with him. Indeed, as the afternoon dwindles, he seems to us more and more like the latest edition of the Sophomore who willingly spends his afternoon conducting the retiring Freshman to all points of interest on the campus, driving him about the fair city, and then, when the sun begins to drop below the horizon, offers him tea in the lounge.

But our guide treats us in his house way up the peninsula on the rising slope of Monte Urguil. On our way thither we stop at a tiny cafe overflowing with seamen who are, in turn, overflowing with rum. At any rate, they sing very much as people inebriated. Rough old seamen. You can spot an Englishman or two, a Swede—attempts to play a fiddle which one of the waiters has produced from under the table—several Portuguese and Frenchmen, Spaniards galore.

So you leave the cafe, and follow-

ALTOMAHNS TAKE VARSITY INTO CAMP

(Continued from Page Four)

ever, Calgary got over two kicks to the deadline which raised the score to 3-1. Richards and Kramer were hurt for the time being during this quarter, while Rule and Morton stood out for Varsity and McKenzie for Calgary.

The second half opened up with a far superior brand of rugby than had been shown heretofore. Calgary kicked off, and Ivan Smith, after receiving it, ran it back twenty-five yards, and then followed another spell of very even play. The spell was broken, however, when Calgary fumbled, giving Varsity the ball. Pete Rule went through on buck and then Smith tried a forward which was intercepted by Monroe, who displayed a wonderful exhibition of broken field running for a touchdown. Sutherland converted for the Altomahns, thus making the score 9-1 when the period closed.

The fourth quarter was a period of surprises—happy ones for the Altomahns. The stanza started out with a fumble on the part of Varsity, Calgary winning the ball. The Altomahns made their yards, and then McKenzie threw a forward pass to Friend, who struggled across for a touchdown. Sutherland again got the point on the convert. Smith kicked off and Varsity got the ball on a fumble, but they immediately lost it again to Calgary, Friend taking it across for his second touchdown of the day, after making a 70-yard run. Sutherland then booted the pigskin over the ridge-pole for the twenty-first and last point of the game. It was at this stage of the game that Al Wilson's team began to click, but it was too late. Smith threw two forward passes of thirty-five yards each, Kramer completing them both. Smith then threw a forward to Wilf Hutton, who despite a wonderful attempt failed to complete it as the whistle blew. Thus the game ended 21-1.

The lineups:
Varsity: Snap, Cameron; insides, Creighton and Borgal; middles, Parks and Gale; ends, W. Hutton and Zender; quarter, Moir; halves, Smith, Rule, Wilson, Morton; subs, B. Hutton, Kramer, Mitchell, Hargreaves, Scott, Talbot, Richards, and Gordon.
Calgary: Snap, Buttors; insides, Hagan and Monroe; middles, Thompson and Christie; ends, Friend and Graham; quarter, Bell; halves, Sutherland, Hides, McKenzie and Graves; subs, Jegerson, Large, Harris, Ellis, Ferguson, Whittaker, Roberts, Hopkinson, Williams.

MED CLUB MEET

The first general meeting of the Med Club will be held on Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8 p.m.

Dr. J. J. Ower will be the speaker for the evening. Refreshments will be served.

Your class representatives are aiming at 100 per cent. membership this year. Join now!

Stanford University.—Silver stolen from the university dining room has been found in the dining hall of a New England college and in China.—Queen's.

Soph McCall (on way to class)—What is our assignment this morning? Soph Walton Smith—I don't know. I'm just going down now to see.—The Hornet.

ing the narrow street arrive at the guide's house.

Chocolate, healths, adieus. The sun is dipping in the west as you leave the little cabin.

The river Urumea glints gold as in the morning. But somehow everything is hushed. The bathers on Concha Bay are gathering up their blankets and making slowly for their homes.

From the balcony of your hotel that evening you again survey the city. A slight off-shore breeze ruffles the sea, which you can hear beating against black Monte Urguil; palm trees wave in the park beneath you; the scent of long avenues of flowers is wafted to where you stand.

You turn your back on the night and, entering your suite, dream of the Basque.

CLAIMS HOUSE DANCE CROWDED

**Saturday Night Dance Enjoyable
Despite Milling Humanity**

When we were very young and went to Sunday school we remember how sorry we felt for Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-negro who were cast into the fiery furnace, but surely even at that tender age we should have felt merely scornful of them if they had paid a quarter for the privilege of being chucked in. No wonder, then, if a man feels a little scorn for the seething mass of perspiring humanity who milled about the fiery furnace that was the gym at the first house dance of the year, and willingly—nay, joyfully—paid twenty-five cents to be allowed to do it.

To say it was crowded would be putting it mildly; to say it was hot would not be a nearly strong enough expression either. Brave men were obliged to mop their streaming brows incessantly, and even fair maidens looked a trifle wilted, and seized every possible opportunity of dashing to a corner to powder their gleaming noses.

But it's the spirit of the thing that

TAURUS

(Continued from Page Two)

gullible to think that you are taking her to shows, house dances and to Tuck because you are serious and intend to go out with her all year. Or maybe you rushed one of our oversophisticated little gold diggers, who has a flock of just such foolish sheep as you milling around her, one of which flock she fleeces every night—and he likes it. Remember, she can not ask the whole flock, and if you are left out consider yourself lucky for having saved a lot of money and having escaped a dancing program full of duty bookings with homely, heavy-footed and slow-moving Frat sisters or corridor companions. You thought that it was a free formal, didn't you? Well, after you have paid for a couple of hacks, unless she lives in Pembina (into which Bastille you will never be invited for a sociable evening), and then pay for your tux laundry and the cleaning and pressing of your tux—and remember that it costs plenty to have that cheap powder removed from your silk lapel—you will change your mind about the freeness of the dance. But that is not all—oh, dear, no! You are duty bound by our antiquated and foolish conventions to return the compliment by inviting the young maiden to one or two big formals during the year.

Support the
Year Book
"EVERGREEN and GOLD"

and have your photo
taken early at the

University Studio

DEPARTMENT OF EXTENSION



STUDENTS,
FREE TEA
and COFFEE!

On Monday your tea and coffee will be
supplied to you through the courtesy of

National Blend Tea & Coffee Company

Blenders of the Famous

NILE

TEA AND COFFEE

AT

St. Joseph's Cafeteria

MONDAY,

OCT. 16,

ALL DAY

